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VERSE AND TOAST

SERIES II

BY WILLIAM D. ROWE, JR.
WITH AN AFTERWORD BY THE AUTHOR

COL. WILLIAM D. ROWE, JR.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS





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THIRD BOOK
VERSE AND TOAST
and
CHILDREN'S POEMS

BY

COL. WILLIAM H. ROWE, JR.

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Dedication

TO MY BABY,
FRANCES WOOD ROWE.

Little baby sweetheart,
Little darling mine,
All this dedication
It is simply thine.
May my simple verses
Bring much joy to you;
May the God above
Make your skies all blue.

MRS. WILLIAM H. TAFT.

You most gracious White House lady,
You've won us, one and all,
Your womanly simplicity
Thrills palace and thrills hall.
To America's first lady
May the others follow you,
Your informal way and manners
Make the name of home all true.

MRS. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

Wonderfully gifted woman,
Where'er the great abide,
They've earned it by their merit,
They have been found and tried.
America says all honor
To her great daughter of the West,
May God grant you every honor,
For you deserve the very best.

WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

Great old Tecumseh,
Your grand soldier's part
In great war's drama
Ever fires the heart
Of each loyal person
Whoe'er stood for the right.
Your part—to command—
Where'er led the fight.

PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

Dashing Union leader,
Hurrah—hurrah again—
Never did they falter—
Never—your Union men.
When they saw you coming
You didn't have to speak.
Answer down the valley:
Yes, answer Cedar Creek!

THOMAS F. BAYARD.

Statesman so pure,
Wonderfully good,
A Christian man,
I would that I could
Of your beautiful life
Find a word to express
How you did in God's way
Live among us to bless.

ALLAN G. THURMAN.

Noble old Roman,
Your party's great hope;
Ah! man among men,
You widened the scope.
Of true breadth of purpose,
Of a life that was free
From all thought of scandal
Rest—yes, rest peacefully.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

Elected? He was.
Inaugurated? No.
But through all the ages
His greatness it will grow.
He refused to contest
The seat he had won,
Just to save from a war
You, father; you, son.
You Americans true,
You teach it with pride;
Tilden, the patriot;
That can't be denied.

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

Great Indiana statesman,
Elected Vice-President twice;
Once you yielded to the call,
You worthy man above a price.
But oh! that manly action
Your country remembered well;
For then there came another call,
As one State to State did tell.
Iowa remembers seventy-six;
In eighty-four I read;
This Democratic time your right was yours,
You great historic dead.

CHARLES N. SIMS.

A great Chancellor,
Mighty in power;
Great because simple
To your dying hour.
All through the years
'Twas the great things done;
When others failed
You victory won.

BISHOP C. C. McCABE.

Great heart for others,
How freely you gave
Time—money—talents
To other lives save.
A crown there was waiting
On the far-away shore
For you who forever
The true gospel flag bore.

BISHOP MATTHEW SIMPSON.

Gentle servant of Jesus,
Your mild-mannered way
While you labored among us
Made bright every day.
Your true way of living,
Your sweetness so rare,
Led upward to Heaven,
And brightened earth's care.

CHARLES A. McLEOD.

A loyal friend,
Your name rings true;
Miss you sadly—
I surely do.
You left with all
A dear good name;
God grant that all
May do the same.

JUSTUS MILLER.

Scattering good seed daily,
As he moved along our way,
Troy has had good citizens,
But we all can truly say
They never had a better
Justus Miller there than you;
And we know up in Heaven
You received your rightful due.

LEWIS E. GURLEY

He is a memory
Now of the past—
A memory fragrant—
Forever 'twill last.
In the hearts of all Trojans
Of this—of all days—
A fitting eulogium,
A good life it pays.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

Much beloved actor,
Much beloved man,
I can say truly,
I know that I can,
That in our loved country
Forever you will live,
For throughout your good life
'Twas your pleasure to give
The best of your being,
The best of your soul;
You uplifted the stage
To highest mark's goal.

WILLIAM S. FANESHAWE.

Kindly gentleman,
Here's to you :
You deserve life's best,
My toast 'tis true.
May you e'er have it,
And more each day ;
You and your loved ones
On life's highway.

HENRY W. SAVAGE.

Man of finance,
Man of affairs,
Giving pleasure
Amid all cares,
Here's to your operas,
And here's to your plays ;
Here's to endless success
Throughout endless days.

JAMES F. SULLIVAN.

Philadelphia banker ?
Yes, a man whom all can trust ;
The Market Street is honored
With a President wise and just.
This toast I give you gladly,
Of long years standing, my friend ;
May you ne'er have a failure ;
May your success have no end.

THE LITTLE KING OF DREAMLAND.

Good-night, my darling baby,
Good-night, dear mother's pet ;
You and the little Dream King,
Yes, you and he have met ;

For you have gone to his land,
It's not so far away;
And mother is just waiting
For dawning of the day,

When little King of Dreamland
Will bring again her own;
Then to his land of secrets
He'll journey back alone.

Your little face is smiling;
Where has he led you now?
To a place decked with flowers—
A fairy spot, I'll vow;

Where sweet fays and fairies dance
And sing a little song,
And you, my precious baby,
Are floating there along.

Within the land of secrets,
Ah! but you look so sweet.
I know little King of Dreams
Gives you his "bestest" seat.

And now you're really laughing;
A little jester played
A little prank on someone,
The other all dismayed

Has sought a place of hiding
That you know all about;
You won't tell, because you love
To hear them laugh and shout.

My baby dreams so sweetly
It always makes me sing
Of never-ending virtues
Of little Dreamland's King.

Now you're floating o'er the trees
In mystic land of dreams,
And the prettiest of fairies
Tries all her arts and means

To have you for her sweetheart ;
You rogue, you're flirting, too ;
But you know you think of mother,
I know you surely do.

I know you're saying to her,
In sweetest, gentlest tone,
You'll be her little brother,
But just love me alone.

Now darling little Dream King
Stands on his mystic throne,
Says to all elfin subjects
That for the time you own

All wealth of happy Dreamland
That you are from a court,
One he wants all in to know
About their Dreamland sport.

And now you stand beside him
And wave your little hand ;
Yes, you and the King together
Rule dearest old Dreamland.

I know my baby's kingly,
And he was born to rule ;
Yes, now he's taking lessons
'Way up in Dreamland's school.

His little face is beaming ;
He's made some fairy law
That all the elfin subjects
Greet with a glad hurrah.

The King and he are standing,
Hearing the mighty cheer
That tells to all small dreamers
That peace is drawing near.

Peace is the gift of children ;
They gain it from our Lord ;
And not in the wide, wide world
Is another such award

As that which comes from children
With tidings of good will,
And far up there in Dreamland
My King is reigning still.

Beloved by all his subjects,
Honored by splendid men,
Who write their fairy stories
With subtle fairy pen.

My little baby monarch,
May it be as to-night ;
Your life so sweet and precious
May live in land of right.

The same dear little fairies
Illume your every day ;
May flowers, sweetest flowers,
Bedeck your every way.

I thank my heavenly Father
For precious baby days ;
I thank for watching baby
And mother while she prays.

Ah, little King of Dreamland,
I kneel before your throne.
My little King is with you,
My very, very own.

And you have been so courtly,
So gracious, dear and sweet,
I wish I had the power
For aye and aye to greet

The little mystic ruler
Of mystic-mystic land ;
Good-bye, for baby's waking—
Good-bye to fairy band.

GEORGE B. CLUETT.

One thing is sure ;
We always knew it ;
Nothing but good
Of George B. Cluett.
A manly man,
A servant of God ;
His great, good name
We will ever laud.

TO MY SWEETHEART.

Here's to every man that is great ;
Here's to the Gov'nor of every State ;
Here's to the dashing warrior bold ;
Here's to the Western country's gold ;
Here's to the mighty in his seat ;
Here's to man who knows not defeat ;
Here's to all in the Hall of Fame ;
Here's to every brilliant name.
But whether great or wondrous smart,
Here's to the idol of my heart ;
For even all the wondrous wise
Melt before your glorious eyes.

GEORGE A. HUHN.

Great banking house head,
It is a delight
To toast a good man
Of wondrous foresight.
I greet you gladly;
You deserve the best;
To you, George A. Huhn,
You're true to the test.

"IF YE ABIDE IN ME."

Words for all ages,
Words for all time,
The oceans to cross,
And mountains to climb.

Battles to fight,
Cities to win;
Saints to conquer
Forces of sin;

All these are easy,
It can't be denied.
Really and truly
In Jesus abide.

But the abiding,
Pray how must it be?
Just read what he says:
"Abide thou in Me,"

And what does that mean?
It means if you do
Jesus will surely
Do his part for you.

But what is abiding?
Ah! that is your part;
Be honest—be loyal
And clean in your heart.

Be pure and high-minded,
And on the Lord's side;
Just do it each day,
And then you'll abide.

You'll ask Him to grant you
Your heart's great desire;
You'll ask Him and ask Him,
And sometimes you'll tire.

You'll say does He hear me?
I'm sure I abide,
And then just like magic
A voice at your side.

Will say you don't want it;
Oh, yes, God, I do!
But the voice still answers,
The words ring so true.

Suddenly there flashes
A thought to the brain:
No, no! you are right!
It might cause me pain.

A peace settles on you,
You go on your way;
Your Jesus is waiting,
He's waited all day.

He gives you a blessing,
A joy that's untold;
Your Saviour reminds you
With his priceless gold.

And then, ah, you see it!
No man can decide,
For only our Saviour
He knows the abide;
Knows its true meaning—
Knows just what is best—
Knows what is our trouble,
Knows what is our rest.
Weak human can learn it
If he only will;
Abide in the valley
And look to the hill.
On which stands the Saviour,
Who points to the cross,
The great cross of all gain—
The cross of no loss.
Surely, then, he will see
It's not right to ask
For a something which gives
A too easy task.
Abiding is living
In Jesus' dear sight,
E'er abhorring the wrong
And serving the right.
Abiding! abiding!
Oh, blessed the plan
That dear Jesus, has given
To each Christian man.
To tell of its meaning,
To tell that it's true,
That if you do for Him,
He'll do unto you.

You mustn't be selfish,
You mustn't be wrong ;
For "if ye abide"
Are His words of song.

Just sing them forever ;
The words they are tried ;
Home will be heaven ;
Just only abide.

NASH ROCKWOOD.

Brilliant, tireless lawyer,
You serve your client well ;
Your home, Saratoga,
The voters there they tell.
Whene'er you run for office
Of your great worth and good,
No need to name the loser,
The winner is Rockwood.

PAUL MORTON.

Executive leader,
Equitable's head,
A great deal about you
Is known and said,
But let me say,
You meet every task ;
What more than that
Can your holders ask?

THOMAS C. PLATT.

A half a century
Great leader of men ;
And well counted out ;
And now with this pen
This word I add
To your tablet of fame ;
Thomas C. Platt,
Ever great, mighty name.

ISAAC V. BAKER, JR.

Great Northern leader
Of the Empire State,
When they call on you
It is never wait.
You answer quickly,
And you freely give ;
For you strive to aid
That others may live.

H. P. DAVISON

Genius is worth
When such as yours
It is the kind
That e'er endures.
Recognition came ;
You've surely won ;
And I honor you
For marvels done.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

My dear, good friend,
Noble of heart,
Ever ready
To take one's part.
You deserve the plaudits,
Yes, of men world wide;
May God ever guard you,
That no harm betide.

THEODORE P. SHONTS.

Good, kindly man,
And leader that's thorough,
President Shonts
Of the Interborough;
For with you at its head
A commander's there;
May your success be great,
And your life most fair.

Here's to cradle
Of baby boy;
Mother rocks it
So full of joy,
That here's hoping
Her every prayer
Comes to baby
A sleeping there.

Here's to baby's wishes;
He has his little plan;
God answer every wish
Of every little man.

Here's to every baby
In each and every land;
How I'd love to hug and squeeze
And just hold each little hand.

Here's to baby sleeping;
Here's to its little dream;
May it be of sunshine
The brightest, brightest beam.

Here's to babe
And here's to mother;
One thing sure,
They love each other.

PAPA AND BABY.

Jump up baby!
Oh, jump up high;
And pretty soon
You'll hit the sky.
Take your little
Train of cars
Right up with you
To the stars;
Papa'll go
And he and you
Right among
The clouds of blue.
Will have alone
All sorts of fun
While we play
Around the sun.

And then at night
That other chap,
When he comes out
We'll both tap-tap;
And when he looks
The foxy coon,
We'll say hello!
You Man in Moon.

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

I can always praise the Waldorf,
Greatest of great hotels;
Where one sees the smiling faces
Of happy beaux and belles.
Greatest statesmen in the country;
Senators? Yes! From ev'ry State;
Governors, Congressmen, Judges
Are all there both early and late.

The Army and the Navy,
The bravest and most fair,
All love the dear old Waldorf;
We love to see them there.
All praise its star service;
Each man's a man of mark;
Oscar, Marshall, Amer,
McCusker, Barse and Clarke.

Its office there's none better;
Cordiality rules the lobby;
Wilson, Nulle, Stewart,
Smith, Tuxbury, Hobbie.
Here's to Westervelt and Warren,
McKenna, Lazarus, Hodge;
Each one a faithful worker
In the palace where we lodge.

Always ready, ever alert,
Quickest service, calm and serene,
Moorehead, Rose, Davidson, Bingham,
Donnelly, Rodgers and Glasheen;
Each man is ready
To anticipate your need;
Here's to Allen and Mustor,
Stilwell, Kennedy and Reid.

Well guarded are its portals,
A robbery, 'tis a myth;
Never with such watchers—
Voorhees, Watson, Lawlor, Smith.
And never through all ages
Has there been a greater one:
George C. Boldt you stand alone.
'Tis a marvel you have done

In the house you gave the country—
The house you gave the world,
The great flags of all the others
Before you are unfurled.
George C. Boldt, Junior, to you
The greetings of well done,
Just like your honored father,
You are his honored son.

JOSEPH B. REICHMANN.

Wonderful worker,
Yes, this is my toast,
To one who always
Can command a host,
Of companies great,
Of trusts that are large,
With Reichmann at head
A master's in charge.

R. B. MOORHEAD

By his own efforts
He takes the lead,
For Carnegie Trust
No one e'er need.
If greatest depositor
Or the least one you see
Worry about attention
While he's there, Robert B.

MRS. JOHN A. BLACK.

Charming woman,
And always true;
Just o'er and o'er
Here is to you.
For you deserve;
You merit it all;
Nothing but good
Of you I'll call.

Here's to my darling,
Here's to my love;
Here's to my sweetest
All stars above
Can never compare
Glory's own eyes;
They are the darlings
I idolize.

THE VOLUNTEER LAWYER

A Western court room
In an early day,
The sun just setting
Its last ray.

I happened in—
I had traveled far—
Surious to see
At prison bar.

The prisoner boy,
So weak and pale,
After months and months
In the county jail.

His eye was troubled,
His face was sad;
He shook with fear,
This prisoner lad.

A careworn mother
Was there at his side;
Aloud I said:
"Oh, God abide!"

And in thy mercy
Give her cheer;
Oh, Holy Father,
Stay thou near.

The prosecution closed,
A great array,
With evidence enough
To win the day.

The lawyer for defense,
A tall man, arises;
Pleads at first,
Then advises.

He tells the Judge
That man may do,
But God alone,
He rules the true.

Truth is mighty;
This boy killed not;
His is indeed
A bitter lot.

For long days,
Close confined,
A mother's heart,
A mother's mind.

Interwoven together
Without a friend
Have labored incessantly
For freedom's end.

Call the greatest—
Call whom you will;
My client here
He did not kill.

This innocent boy,
My dear old friend's son,
This act by him
Was never done.

I'll stake my life;
I'll show you why
By evidence
He should not die.

And then began,
And every word
The most wondrous speech
I have ever heard.

He just thrilled us all;
He held the gaze
Of every listener,
And did amaze

Both Judge and jury
By his wondrous power,
Enrapturing all
In that closing hour.

The crowd, unfriendly
To the prisoner boy,
Transformed to friends,
To my great joy.

The lawyer's skill
It knew no bound;
His words mounted
Just round by round.

Then he melted
That jury heart;
I closely watched
I saw one start.

And by just one—
One simple act,
I knew that he
Influenced by fact.

And by truth so clearly
Told and given,
Was won for what
The defense had striven.

His closing words
I hear them now;
Long years have passed,
But this I vow:

That never since
Has master hand
So thrilled a court
In any land.

Do him justice,
The lawyer cried;
An innocent boy;
Not an eye was dried

The jury's verdict,
Ah, at last! at last!
Soon to be known—
The moments passed.

"Boy not guilty!"
The foreman said;
That mother heart
By sorrow led,

Now clasps in rapture
And untold joy
Her own, her free,
Her innocent boy.

I looked at the lawyer;
Simply he stood—
Awkward, alone,
But indeed the good.

I saw a shining
In a being rare;
I felt most surely
That God was there.

A halo of glory—
It seemed to shine
About a man
I felt divine.

Who is that lawyer?
I cried out that day,
And a man answered
He's from Springfield way.

He's a volunteer,
Not known to fame;
Abraham Lincoln;
That's his name.

THE HAPPY ONES.

We are born to a world of sorrow;
We struggle through its pain;
We hope for the dawn of the morrow,
But sorrow knocks again.
Now, this is the lot of mortals,
Who do walk world's avenues broad,
But in narrow, unselfish portals
Are the happy servants of God.

THE TWO ANGELS.

There must have been rejoicing
And gladness in the heart,
When God Almighty signalled
Two forms in white to start,
Away back in the ages,
As he stood upon the throne,
Saying down there in the world below,
Lying in a tomb alone,
Is my loved, son Jesus;
Go at once—go there!
Guard Him, guard Him gently;
Give Him ev'ry care;
Angels of mine, you're honored,
For each a royal seat;
One of you at His head,
The other at His feet.

And so they took their journey;
Were ever two so blest?
Never, since all time began,
Or till all time will rest.
Will there be such a mission
As these two were given then,
Their commission stamped and sealed,
And then signed with God's own pen?

What must have been their feeling,
Oh, wondrous day of old,
When angels came from Heaven
And of that door took hold?
It opened for them only,
And then they closed it tight;
And right there by the Saviour
These angels two in white.

They waited, watched and guarded
O'er the sleeping man of love,
Carrying out the dictates
Of the God who ruled above.
Oh, ye angels garbed in white,
Words I cannot find
To tell of honor given—
Wish I had the kind.

Would I had the words to tell,
Would I had the thought
To make the lines so feebly—
In vain I have sought
To bring to view your glory
With the purest words of light,
Highest seats e'er seen on earth,
The tomb-angels garbed in white.

What's the good o' splurgin' ?
When folks are beggin' fer food ;
Jest you now take a night off ;
Do yourself a lot of good.
Buy a feller sunthin'
That's sure smackin' his lips
Fer a dish o' oysters
You can buy fer the tips
That you give the waiter
In any first-class place.
Jest you chase out some night
An' cheer a sober face ;
Jest cut out the splurgin',
Say fer a single night,
An' I tell you, old sport,
Your heart will feel alright.

JOSEPH J. TILLINGHAST.

A man of the best
Always good and true,
Was there at the test,
In mem'ry I do
Write my word of love
To one gone above ;
After life complete
My mem'ry 'tis sweet.

ELIAS P. MANN

Not since it began,
Elias P. Mann,
Has Troy ever had
Any better lad,
Any truer man ;
That city e'er can
Point to your life there
As one straight and fair.

SHEPARD TAPPEN.

A memory now,
But all will allow
During his stay here
He was ever dear;
Kind, loving and true,
And would always do
A favor for all
That came within call.

JOSEPH E. KING.

Great Educator,
Old days and later
It has been your range,
And no matter the change,
You're marvel of all
In great college hall,
Where one always hears
It is sixty years
Wesleyan Trustee—
A heart toast to thee.

HENRY F. BOARDMAN

My good, true friend,
Luck to the end;
You e'er played fair,
Nor effort spare
To do a turn
For one to earn
A living right,
And make skies bright.

M. F. COLLINS

Editor of Troy,
A good Dem. old boy;
On you I could count
For any amount.
Of your newspaper praise
On near or far ways,
A true, faithful friend
May blessings ne'er end.

WALTER N. KERNAN.

Good Utica man,
In each race you've ran
It has e'er been square;
Any wrong you'd dare,
No matter the class,
Your true kind does pass,
All else for the right,
And Right is the might.

GEORGE S. WEED.

World's Fair Ninety-three,
Old colleague to thee;
And more e'en than that,
Brother Democrat.
You bear a great name
In politic's game;
All luck, never need,
To friend George S. Weed.

HENRY A. PARR

Great man of heart,
All Parr, not part,
A toast to you,
And more, 'tis true;
You meet each test,
You do your best;
Kindness your star,
Henry A. Parr.

OSSIE J. WALSH.

The man right in front,
He greets you there;
Customer or stranger,
He treats all fair;
Success to him, ever
His greeting's real;
The Carnegie seems home;
That's how you feel.

GEORGE B. SLOAN.

A statesman's record
You left behind,
One to be followed
By human kind;
A wonderful man,
A truly good friend.
Rest sweetly above
In the unseen bend.

BISHOP C. H. FOWLER.

Orator, preacher,
Noted divine,
Now in the heavens,
Over the line.
You are a memory,
But one ever dear,
For the wonderful work
You did for God here.

Here's to the baby's laugh,
Here's to baby's smile;
It makes "Cross Continent"
Seem just like a mile.

JOHN B. CASTLEMAN.

Courtly gentleman,
You show your rank,
And all Kentucky
Can gladly thank
A chivalrous man
And a noble son;
Here's for true manhood
In the race he's run.

MARION E. TAYLOR.

Here's to a friend,
Generous, good;
Open-hearted,
That's understood.
Ever willing,
He don't prepare;
Where you need him
You find him there.

ALICE CASTLEMAN HONE.

No one on the earth,
Nor queen on a throne
Could reign more sweetly
Than fair Alice Hone.
She conquered New York,
She conquered us all;
It was one winter's night
At the Charity Ball.

ED. SMITH.

Good Ed. Smith,
Ballston Ed.,
Here's hoping
You're ahead.
No matter where,
No matter when;
One of the best,
Truest of men.

PATRICK H. McCARREN.

My friend has gone,
The way is known;
The Lord stood by,
So not alone
He went above
To endless life,
Far, far away,
From ceaseless strife.
Gentle and kind,
And ever forbearin',
Rest, rest in peace,
My friend McCarren.

HOLLINGSHEAD AND CAMPBELL.

My dear old friends,
A toast to you all:
May you ever
Get many a call;
Matchless service
To patron and bank
Places your house
In the foremost rank.
No better brokers
The heavens beneath
Than Hollingshead, Campbell,
Pepper, Lahey and Heath.

WILLIAM M. LAWRENCE.

Preacher! President!
Colgate trustee!
Freely, yes freely
Can I laud thee.
You deserve all honors
Man can bestow,
For you teach of Heaven
To man below.

WILLIAM ALMS.

Great Cincinnati merchant,
A toast to you:
You deserve all that is said;
You surely do.
No man better posted
E'er entered the door
In your own line than you
On the New York shore.

WILLIAM L. MOYER.

Good kindly man,
Good friend as well,
'Tis a pleasure
For me to tell
To all of worth,
Good luck for e'er
To yours and you.
Better, 'tis true,

HIGH FALUTIN' PREACHER.

It ain't high falutin' preachin'
That does the old world good,
It's jest a doin' to others
What others allus should.
Do fer a feller in trouble
When all is black and dark;
An' it seems that every one
Passes a mean remark
About a feller's misfortune;
Well, they can't see his soul;

They dunno the grievin'
That he's had all the whole
Time that he has been just a livin'
To help a brother along.
No, it ain't high falutin' preachin'
That makes life a happy song;
It's the little calmin' service
That God calls for to-day,
That jest helps us strugglin' stragglers
Along this rocky way.

Jest watch out for the feller
That's happy an' sincere,
An' though it may be cloudy,
You'll almost swear 'tis clear;
For the high falutin' preachin'
That ain't backed up by acts,
Ain't a-counted by the angels
When they reckon up the facts.

THEODORE IRWIN

What man has not felt
His delightful charm,
Rejoicing with you
And stilling alarm.
Courtly gentleman,
Oh, man of great love,
Peace, sweetest peace,
'Tis yours above.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

Great plumed knight,
Great leader of the past,
Until the end of time
Your name and fame shall last.
You stand with the greatest
We've had in this great land;
The record you have left
Is reckoned with the grand.

JAMES B. CLEWS.

Able, alert, vigilant,
He meets his every test,
Counted always in the street
As among its very best.
He surely deserves his greatness;
He's earned it—every bit—
No matter where, no matter when,
You'll always find him fit.

GEORGE E. GREEN. .

Birmingham's Mayor,
Senator as well,
True man of big heart,
'Tis the truth I tell.
No matter the time,
No matter the place,
Loyal man always,
He serves the whole race.

JOSEPH P. BRENNAN.

Good old Saratoga
Has sent some good ones out,
And well they honor her
Where'er they go about.
Ranking with the best of them
Old Joe easily takes his stand,
My fervent wish for him is
One of the greatest of our land.

ARTHUR G. LANGHAM.

I toast thee sadly
As I write to-night,
You fought it bravely,
Yes, throughout your fight.
For all life is that,
'Tis sad to say,
A gentleman always,
That was your way.

FLOWER TAYLOR.

Here's to a man,
'Tis true, he's small,
Look to future,
He'll conquer all.
Illustrious names—
Flower and Taylor,
His dear, sweet mother,
He'll never fail her.

MRS. C. W. WATSON.

Acknowledged leader
Call in the ring,
You peerless driving,
'Tis of this I sing.
Here to your champion,
That grand color—all blue—
You sely deserve it,
'Tis our most rightful due.

MRS. E. R. THOMAS.

Beautiful Linda Lee,
The title yours by right,
A Kentucky honor,
Where beauty reigns by might.
Kentucky's glorious women,
They reign in every land,
And among her very fairest
You take your queenly stand.

MRS. BEVERLY ROBINSON.

You brilliant, gifted beauty,
I care not where the post,
Whether here or lands away,
You are a reigning toast.
Here's praises for you ever,
I always love to tell
About your sparkling brightness,
You peerless queen, Adele.

MRS. MARGARET E. SANSTER.

Authoress, poet,
And loved woman true
A blessing from God
My service with you
You lead up to glory
You inspire man to love
As Jesus would have him
And to his best gift

MISS SUE JOHNSTON.

Stately beauty
From Tennessee,
You queenly Sue,
A toast to thee.
Fair and radiant,
Gloriously sweet,
You truly indeed
Are a beauty treat.

A. CHESTER BEATTY.

Here's to a marvel,
Though still he is young,
In greatest places
His praises are sung.
He's mastered his science,
He's a great engineer ;
A. Chester Beatty,
Your title is clear.

JEANETTE SWIFT

Atlanta, Atlanta,
Of beauties you boast ,
And 'tis many you have ;
Yes, many to toast.
And right with your leaders,
'Tis the best that I've met,
Here is one to Miss Swift,
The glorious jeanette

STANTON C. DICKINSON.

Good, true friend,
Man of mark,
You're there from
Dawn to dark.
Capable, worthy,
And truly tried,
No matter the trust,
It's not denied.

CHARLES E. W. SMITH.

Christian gentleman,
Man that fears God,
Your truest worth
I'll ever laud.
Wondrous organizer,
Matchless power,
May your life be brighter
Every hour.

LEWIS S. CHANLER.

Governor Chanler,
Here is a toast,
You led your party,
This is no boast.
You fought to the finish,
You fought to the end,
Fore'er—Democracy
Will honor its friends.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

Great master of steel,
You take the lead;
Yes, you stand in front,
You do, indeed.
Your great company
It meets any test.
Schwab and Bethlehem,
They rank with the best.

MRS. BESSIE K. McKELDIN.

Blonde beauty of Georgia,
The land of peachtree,
'Tis the toast I now write,
Inscribe it to thee.
Here's to your charms,
To your sterling worth;
Here's to Georgia,
The place of your birth.

WILLIS RAGAN

Great man of Georgia,
So kindly and good,
And here's to your worth,
By all understood.
A man of fine bearing,
Of rare business skill,
Deserves only the best.
Will he get it? He will.

WILLIAM J. CUMMINS.

Old Tennessee,
Honor the old,
Honor the great
Within its fold.
Loved in its valley ,
Loved on its hill—
William J. Cummins,
Dear Uncle Bill.

LYTLE HULL

Gentlemanly, cultured,
Ever polite,
'Tis always a pleasure
For one to write
About a man
Who deserves the title
Born gentleman,
That's you, Lytle.

JAMES O'KANE.

A loyal man,
'Tis God's best gift,
In a world where
One needs a lift.
You'll search the city,
You'll search the lane,
But none more loyal
Than James O'Kane.

ROSCOE CONKLING.

Great New York Senator,
The leader in your day,
Most terrible the loss
When you were called away.
Loyal friend of General Grant,
This star for you I fix,
The illustrious commander
Of the three hundred six.

W. L. SUTPHIN.

Here is to man,
A man of big heart,
Ever and always
A star in his part.
Which is to aid
And be good to all.
W. L. Sutphin,
You'll get a re-call.

BABY SWEETHEART.

Come, you darling,
Come to me,
Rest you here
Right on my knee.
Tell me, baby,
Why you cry,
Tell me truly,
Tell me why.

All I want,
No matter where,
Is just my baby,
Sweet and fair.
Has someone
Said something cross
Or has thee had
Some little loss
A dolly's head,
Or arm, or eye,
Are they broken?
And so you sigh.
For fear, perhaps,
Papa will scold.
No—never—
Not for countless gold
Would he say
One single word
To his precious
Baby bird.
But like the little
Bird that flies,
We'll send away
The little sighs.
And then
Together we will go,
Just you and I,
No one will know
Our little secret
Hiding-place,
We'll hide and run
And jump and race.
And little babe,
My secret heart,
God grant we'll
Never, never part.

MY BEAU ALGY.

He called about seven that evening,
When he went—it was just about one—
Mamma was holding a candle
So papa could point with a gun.
Brother was swinging a hatchet,
I was crying out loud,
While Algy was dodging the brickbats
That were thrown by the rest of the crowd.
“Never again,” said my father,
And mother echoed that tune,
Will you receive as a caller
A chap who would stay until noon.

DR. RICHARD GIBBONS.

Great, great surgeon!
Your skilful knife,
So blessed by God,
Saves many a life.
In New York, great city,
This is your due:
In surgery, no one
Stands higher than you.

SIM. WALTON.

Washington Jockey Club,
'Tis a name ever fair,
Finest of races
Held over there.
Here's to its Secretary,
May he be with us for long,
True sport, Sim. Walton,
Best luck—'tis my song.

ROBERT W. APPLETON.

Here's to you Robert,
So good-natured, bright,
Whene'er you appear,
You turn on the light
That shows us the smile,
That shows us the joy;
A pleasure to greet you—
You turn man, to boy.

B. B. GOLDSMITH.

A man among men,
Most modest and kind,
I trust throughout life
He ever will find
The paths that are pleasant,
The peace that gives rest.
He deserves to receive
Of blessings—the best.

C. C. COPELAND.

Tireless worker,
Scholarly man,
Can you succeed?
I know you can.
Your efforts prove it,
And they'll ever show
You win every time,
That's a truth, I know.

JAMES D. ROBINSON.

Here is my heart,
Here is my hand,
One of the best
In all the land.
A brilliant man,
A friend that's true—
My dear old Jim,
Here is to you!

CHARLES F. MURPHY.

Tammany leader,
You merit it all:
A true worth does tell,
It e'er has the call.
If a title's true,
It's my best belief
You bear a true one—
The Tammany Chief.

BESSIE BALTZ.

Beautiful ways,
Beautiful girl—
Combining both,
You are a pearl.
Best qualities,
Not any faults,
That's truly you,
Sweet Bessie Baltz.

WILLIAM J. GAYNOR.

A great Mayor—
Nothing is plainer.
Always for right:
That's Mayor Gaynor.
The country watches,
He will get the call;
In higher office
He will serve us all.

THOMAS M. OSBORNE.

A scholar, a man,
He combines the two,
And, above it all,
He always rings true.
A leader of men:
He stands for the right—
And when right prevails,
It is Osborne's fight.

EDWARD M. SHEPARD.

Illustrious name,
And a man—the best.
Edward M. Shepard,
He never knows rest.
He works for the right,
He is there ev'ry day;
A righteous reform—
That is Shepard's way.

ALEXANDER T. BROWN.

Great Inventor,
Many's the part
You play in life,
Man of great heart.
Your wondrous genius,
Your kindly tone,
Makes the great man
So truly known.

ROBERT L. SMITH.

Vice-President
Carnegie Trust,
Your worth will tell,
It surely must.
Faithful service,
Your work's been hard,
But that all makes
The Banker's card.

E. ELDRIDGE SMITH.

A royal friend,
Royal to all,
He will answer
Your ev'ry call.
Friendship is real,
It is no myth
With such as you,
E. Eldridge Smith.

J. E. B. STUART.

Great Virginian,
A toast to thee,
Thou Brilliant Aide
Of Robert Lee.
Cavalryman,
Leader of all,
There is your place
In fame's great hall.

NATALIE HAMMOND.

Dear little Natalie,
The best for you!
Laurel crowns and jewels
And luck all through.
God's richest blessings
Never a pain,
Never a sorrow,
No loss—all gain.

D. RAYMOND COBB.

Here is to you
Every day,
One of the best,
Good brother Ray.
Brilliant lawyer,
Good, kind and true.
Yes, o'er and o'er,
Here is to you.

FRANK ADAMS ACER.

A good lawyer
And a good man,
Right in the race
Where'er it's ran.
A royal fellow,
And all of its true,
Frank Adams Acer,
That surely is you.

GEORGE SAFFORD WATERS.

Music and poetry,
'Tis both you compose,
The blue of the violet,
The red of the rose
Are brought out on paper
By composing so rare
That the sweetest perfume
One can almost breathe there.

J. WILLIAM SMITH.

Man of great heart,
Man of great mind,
You're an honor
To human kind.
J. William Smith
Deserves the best;
He does truly,
He stands life's test.

DANIEL G. REID.

A great magnate,
Rock Island! Tin Plate!
All ever known
He'll never wait.
He acts alone,
The winning side,
Daniel G. Reid,
That is the guide.

E. D. W. LANGLEY.

Connecticut Senator,
Fit for the course,
You have every right,
A man of great force.
You want it shown,
Man of reserve,
A good reason!
Why you deserve.

WILLIAM SULZER.

Brilliant statesman,
Popular man,
Great vote-getter.
Whene'er he ran.
He enthuses the people,
All factions admire,
So well done, William Sulzer,
For you up higher!

JOHN B. DAVIS.

Commercial Bank
Of Sandy Hill,
Will rank 'mongst best—
It surely will.
'Twill gain accounts,
No chance for fear,
John B. Davis
Is its Cashier.

EDGAR HULL.

'Tis record long,
'Tis record square,
Most brilliant man
For here, for there.
Brother lawyers
They bow to you,
They know your skill,
Indeed they do.

JOSEPH A. KELLOGG.

Glens Falls is proud,
It ought to be,
An orator
Like unto thee
Is seldom seen,
Is seldom heard,
All love to hear
Your matchless word.

JAMES S. PARKER.

Leader of men,
Asseblyman,
You'll go higher
And we know then,
Untiring work
Linked with true skill,
Will win laurels,
We know they will.

CHARLES R. PARIS.

The County Judge,
Of whom we're proud,
And all parties
By all allowed.
That this good man
Deserves the best,
For he's a friend
Who stands the test.

GRENVILLE M. INGALSBE.

Lawyer, Banker,
And a good friend,
Here's for the best
Right to the end.
You've been honored,
'Twas right for you,
You won the votes
For you rang true.

R. T. ALLEN

Wonderful work
In your great line,
Advertising,
That is the sign.
You won by effort,
And that alone,
You're a good fellow,
That all will own.

FRANK SEAMAN

Advertising Genius
It is a true toast,
For through every year
It's no idle boast
Your merit it counts,
Making all lines expand
That have the good luck
To be under your hand.

WALTER R. HINE

You deserve your honors,
Yes, every one.
You great advertiser,
It's wonders you've done.
Here's to the leader,
Frank Seaman line
Its Vice President,
Walter R. Hine.

ED. HOWLAND

Big-hearted Ed.,
That name is true,
Many a one
Owe all to you.
Many a heart
Was sad the day
Dear Ed. Howland
Was called away.

DEAN O'BRIEN.

Man of the church,
Serving his God,
Most truly one
All freely laud.
A record long
In Sandy Hill,
He'll reward him,
His Master will.

ROBERT O. BASCOM.

It was a loss
To home, to friend,
It will be felt
Unto the end.
For he was great
In many ways
He won battles,
His greatness pays.

CHARLES COURTER DICKINSON.

In the midst of work
 'Twas a heavenly sign
That you did answer
 At only thirty-nine.
Genius wondrous,
 A foresight clear,
Now a mem'ry,
 But one most dear.

DR. CALVIN S. MAY.

Beloved physician,
 On this great world's highway,
There is no better man—
 Doctor Calvin S. May.
You are one of the great;
 Not a man stands higher
Than the dear good doctor
 We all love and admire.

GEORGE FOSTER PEABODY.

He's an inspiration,
 It is the truth I tell
To each man, to each boy,
 To each one to do well.
A Christian reformer
 Whose good life it is true—
George Foster Peabody
 I can gladly toast you.

MISS MARY RICE.

Lady of letters
And woman true,
You deserve all,
You surely do.
Authoress brilliant,
Your title 'tis clear.
Your name and your fame
Is truly known here.

MARY WILKES McKINNEY.

Confederate Veterans' Reunion, July, 1896

Tennessee sponsor
Back in ninety-six,
Historic Richmond
In mem'ry I fix.
The queenly girl
Enraptured all.
To Mary Wilkes,
Lee and Stonewall.

D. W. FORD.

Good, kindly man
And my dear old friend,
'Twas months after
I heard of the end.
I asked some one of him,
The answer, "He's dead."
Then my heart was along
Sorrow's stern path led.
Yes! he was one
Good friend of mine.
Peace, sweetest peace
In land divine.

EUGENE HOLTZINGER.

Here's to Florida,
The Land of the Palm,
Here's to its man
That's ever calm.
His work, he does it!
He sees it through!
Eugene Holtzinger,
A toast to you.

JAMES H. BRESLIN.

One of the best
Did pass away
When Jim Breslin
Was called to-day.
Leaving night
Its darkness here.
Men like him
Are counted dear.

W. H. BARTLETT.

In Atlantic City
By the sea
Is a good and great man,
All agree.
He fills each place
With rarest skill,
My friend Bartlett—
Commodore Bill.

W. BOURKE COCKRAN.

Orator wondrous,
Your eloquent word
Many and many
A time I have heard.
Your most thrilling speech,
Your masterly way,
Wondrous orator
Of the present day.

FRANK TILFORD.

Here is a toast
Man of great rank—
Tilford, Tilford,
The first name Frank.
A fitting head
Of any bank—
Of anything—
You man of rank.

GRACE CROMWELL.

Here is to art,
An artist rare,
Unbounded skill
And one most fair.
She'll win laurels,
That's what she'll do—
And better yet—
She'll deserve to.

HENRY PROCTOR WAUGH.

Here's with the hope
And from the heart
He'll win in life
In ev'ry part.
He can do it,
With talents rare
He'll use them right
Nor efforts spare.

Oh you dearie,
Oh you sweet bird;
I can't say more,
Fear I'll be heard.

Here's to wifey,
Far, far away.
Hope she's happy—
And hope she'll stay.

Here's to hubby,
Out with the boys;
He no longer
Nags or annoys.

Here's to wifey
On the ocean,
She's coming home
With the notion
That I always
Must most lonesome be.
Hope no one will
Put her on to me.

GEORGE ALEXANDER.

God's true minister
On University Place,
Man of wondrous brain,
A dear man of kindly face.
Your life will ever
Prove the Master's test;
You obey him. To
Him you leave the rest.
You stand for all that is good—
Never one taint of slander
Has ever or will ever
Be said of George Alexander.

L. B. STILWELL.

Great engineer,
It makes all rejoice
To know that you're
A popular choice.
Because of your merit
You're sought far and wide;
You stand in the front rank—
We greet you with pride.

CHARLES LATHROP PACK

Great forestry king,
Great judge of wood;
You lead a good life,
Ever for good.
Your mission is such
To aid whom you can;
May your star ne'er set—
Good neighbor, good man.

HORACE PETTIT.

A noted lawyer!
A good fellow, too!
Expert patent law,
If one ever knew.
The best points of that
And the patent gain
A toast to the one
Who'll always attain.

FATHER HEALY.

Lakewood's good priest,
Servant of God,
It's a pleasure
For one to laud.
One who's learned,
Pure, good and true,
Father Healy,
That's truly you.

WILLIAM HARMON BLACH

Lawyer, Scholar,
Author as well ;
You are great now,
Time it will tell.
Of greater things
In store for you,
And they are now
Within our view.

BRADLEY W. PALMER

You are a Lawyer
Of indeed great worth,
Your talents attain
To greatness on earth.
Massachusetts by adoption,
Pennsylvania home state ;
To each one you are an honor,
By each one you are deemed great.

GEORGE W. MILLER

A dear, good friend,
A man that's true ;
Lawyer, Scholar,
Here is to you.
You stand the test
Rugged Pillar,
Right from the heart,
George W. Miller.

FRANK M. ANDREWS

Great architect
And man of note,
To prove your worth,
It needs no vote.
It always shows
It is the best,
Your plans are right
And meet each test.

E. J. BERWIND

Great financier,
Great mining head,
Great in all ways
Where success led.
You have always
Been in the lead,
True merit counts ;
It does, indeed.

MARTIN L. STOVER

Here's to you Judge,
With record long,
One ever fair
And one most strong.
I toast from the heart
Over and over ;
A good friend always,
Martin L. Stover.

ERNEST M. STIRES

Cultured scholar,
A preacher great ;
A man of God,
Whose worth does rate.
With the greatest
In this fair land,
Rector of love
And helping hand.

B. A. JUDD

Always working,
Both, night and day ;
For his client,
That is Judd's way.
You'll get service,
Untiring zeal ;
His work is good,
His efforts real.

DANIEL P. RITCHEY

Hotel expert
The truth I wire,
When I style you,
Popular choice.
A man of heart,
A skill that's rare,
You win each time
By treatment fare.

Here is hoping
You and I,
Will meet sometime;
Well we'll try.

Here's to you
Honey bunch,
Name the date
Quiet lunch.

Here's to you
Eyes of blue,
Just one chance
I'll steal you.

HAROLD A. BIGGS

It's a delight
To talk to you,
One who always
Has something new.
You're a winner
Every day,
Best luck always
On lifes highway.

CASEY REMINISCENCES

BY

COL. WILLIAM H. ROWE, JR.

From

THE START OF
PROFESSIONAL BASEBALL
IN 1871 *to* 1877
INCLUSIVE

THE START WITH THE ATHLETICS IN SEVENTY-ONE.

In Sivinty-One we started
The professional game of ball,
Wid a joyous feelin'
Them days I now recall.

'Twuz the Athletics
That year wid whom I played,
Reach, Cuthbert, Radcliffe,
Men of the highest grade.

Sensenderfer Heubel,
Bechtel, Fisler, Malone—
My! thim byes were players—
And how I loved the tone

Of the bat of Meyerle
Whin hard he hit the ball.
Levi, Champion Batter,
'Twuz he that had the call.

And how I loved the tears
Of all the other side
Whin wan after 'nother
Were pitched out by McBride.

Pinchin' championship,
'Twas proud, indade, we felt
Givin' Philadelphia
The good ould winning belt.

Throughout the intire year
We got beat sivin times,
A record unbroken
I'll bet dollars to dimes.

Wan day whin they did us
We did not need a bat,
We were playing Cleveland,
They had Champ. Pitcher Pratt.

Wan by wan he mowed us,
And all of us struck out.
'Way across Lake Erie
You could hear Cleveland shout

It was very funny
When I took up me stick
For all the good I did
I might have used a pick.

I crouched, I jumped an' hit
But only got a fall.
I repeated that stunt
Wid each an' ev'ry ball.

I gasped, I strained, I yelled
An' final down I sat
Upon the ould home plate,
Gazin' at Pitcher Pratt.

Regainin' ease quickly,
I sprang upon me feet,
Me face wuz lots whiter
Than mother's ould bed sheet.

I twirled the bat above,
I spun it down below,
I flushed it at me side;
No fakir in a show

I've done it better
Than I did on the day
When before Pitcher Pratt
We all did fade away.

WITH BOSTON IN SEVENTY-TWO.

For four straight years they held it,
And I'll tell you what I'll do,
I'll bet ould Bunker Hill
'Gainst your mother's overshoe,

American players,
Hurrah! Red, White and Blue.
The never-beaten boys,
The boys of Sev'nty-Two.

Hear ye, all ye Fanners,
They're the best I have met .
Now a long time after
I safely make me bet.

Al Spalding, I greet you,
I hail your grand old name,
There never was grander
In the National Game.

The Champion Pitcher,
And for five straight years
With Al Spalding pitching
It always calmed our fears.

Talk about your fliers,
We had Wright Brothers, then,
These aeroplane fellows,
And while they're both good men,

I'd rather have the old
The George and Harry Wright;
Them two famous brothers
Wid whom I fought the fight.

Monarchs of the diamond,
No greater ever ruled
Than Cal McVey, Rogers,
Than Shafer, Leonard, Gould.

Greatest second baseman,
Ross Barnes for all, all time,
You'll hold the star record—
Bet the sky to a dime.

Mutuals of New York,
They came to town one day,
And old Bostonians
Remember well the play.

They had a crack fielder,
Dave Egger 'twas his name—
He held centre ricord
In that olden day's game.

Sez George Wright to me, "Casey,
You pound the old ball hard."
Sez I, "George, I'll send it
To Ol'ver Holmes's yard."

I tuk me position,
A'standing at the plate,
I turns an' sez, "Georgie,
Just watch me hit the gate."

Then I began thinkin'
The good old Autocrat
Might get hurted badly
Whin I swung out me bat.

Thin I sez, "I'll raise it,
I'll pierce the cloudless sky."
Like an arrow darting,
It found its way on high.

For about just wan hour,
The crowd it hild its breath,
Dave Eggler, the centre,
He stood as white as death.

Thin swiftly it came down,
An' faster an' faster,
Just like a shootin' star,
But Dave was a master.

'Twas thought the jar would kill,
But never on your soul,
Eggler says, "My baby,
You must have reached the pole."

He reached out so dainty,
He tuk it wid such grace,
Boston rose to honor,
An' marked his standin' place.

WITH THE MUTUALS IN SEVENTY-THREE.

New York, seventy-three,
'Twas there I had the time;
Oh, thim golden ball days,
About thim I will rhyme.

Those old timer patrons
Of the great, much-loved game,
We'll niver see their like now,
They can never be the same.

Those old sport New Yorkers,
How they would cheer each play;
How they'd lean above you
To help you on the way.

From ev'ry part of the stand,
They'd give a friendly wave,
Sayin' "You're great, you Casey,
An' so is Nate an' Dave."

Boston made a visit,
It wuz a great game,
Full of snappy playin',
No moment wuz it tame.

Champion Georgie Wright,
Champion Natie Hicks,
Were the two great players,
That took in all the tricks.

Nate Hicks, greatest catcher,
In Sev'nty-three an' four,
That day he sure ate 'em—
Could any man do more?

'Twas Andy Leonard fouled
A high one, yes, for fair;
Natie sprang just cat-like—
'Tis now I see him there.

A-climbin' up the stand,
A-jumpin' to the top,
The spectators yellin'
An' the fat Irish cop

Tried to wobble after,
For he said it is wrong
For Hicks to be climbin'—
The game should go along.

But Nate knew his bizness,
He grabbed the droppin' ball,
Leapt back upon the ground
To hear the cheerin' call.

George Wright, that famous name,
Shortstop without a peer,
From sev'nty-one to four,
The leader ev'ry year.

New York paid him homage,
His many pretty plays
Was the one sure topic
Throughout the winter's days.

The bases could be full,
To short the ball could go,
Hit by a great hitter
So hard it seemed just so

That no man, if human,
Would get within its way;
But not so Georgie Wright,
For he was there to play.

Quick he'd pull that fast ball,
An' glance at ev'ry base,
All runners had started—
A smile upon his face.

For well he knew he had
Just only to choose one;
So at home he threw it
An' stopped a winnin' run.

So, George Wright, I hail you,
About it all agree,
For no shortstop equals
Your game of sev'nty-three.

WITH THE MUTUALS IN SEVENTY-FOUR

I still kept on playin',
sez Casey to the crowd,
Wid the old Mutuals,
An' uv it I wuz proud.

In sivynty-four we wint
To cities here and there,
Always in ev'ry game
We'd make the ball fans stare.

That year I remimber
A great big stick wielder—
Al Gedney, Athletics'
Champion left fielder.

Champion batter then,
Oh, how he'd paste the pill,
McMullen, Athletics,
McMullen—good old Bill.

Champion centre field,
No matter where they lines,
High ones, low ones, hot ones,
Were gobbled by Paul Hines.

They would paste the valley,
Or paste the highest hills,
They tumbled to the mit
Of me ould friend Ed. Mills.

Champion man on third,
No matter how they'd light,
He wuz there to nail 'em—
Me ould frind, Willie White.

Mart King of Chicago,
An' ould Lip Pike of Troy,
They hild fieldin' records
In early days, me boy.

Peters of Chicago,
Remsen of St. Louis,
Jones of Cincinnati—
Greater min than Dewey.

Tommy York of Hartford,
Chicago's Johnny Glenn,
Also take their places
Wid the Champion men.

St. Louis had others,
Joe Batten, Davy Force,
Champion third and short,
In old days early course.

Great players of the East,
Great players of the West,
John Farrell, George Shaffer,
Chicago's old Joe Juest.

Burdock of Hartford,
John Manning, out in right,
Playin' ball fer Boston,
Champions day and night.

Old Holdsworth of New York,
An' he played ball wid me,
One more great right fielder,
On that we all agree.

Athletics, Philadelphia,
You surely had a peach,
All honor, yes, forever,
To Fielder A. J. Reach.

Say, I have talked so long
I've forgot about a game,
But come around again,
The talkin' wont be tame.

WITH THE MUTUALS IN SEVENTY-FIVE.

Me third year in New York
With the Mutual Nine
Wuz marked by many games
Considered mighty fine.

We played ould New Bedford,
That town down in the East,
An' say, me boys—sluggin'—
That wuz a battin' feast.

Twinty home runs the total,
An' tin for either side,
Whin I didn't make me third,
Why, cull, I almost cried.

There was swift George Bradley,
He could pitch 'lectric balls;
They charged the air so fierce,
You 'most got breakfast calls.

Charlie Reilly, catcher,
An' a good catcher, too,
An' John an' Aaron Clapp,
Good players that I knew.

Two good ould long hitters,
The Mansells, Tom and Mike;
Ah, me boy, they'd smash 'em,
Just whin and where they'd like.

"Clipper" Gold Medal Hawkes,
Herman Doscher, good man,
McManus, Shoup, Nelson,
All took a mighty stan'.

I wuz the first batter,
An' Bradley, how he'd grin,
Sez I "Georgie Bradley,
Bet me gold 'gainst your tin,

I'll knock the ball to Troy,
Home of Paddy Ryan."
Straight it wint sailin' there,
An' George started cryin'.

That wuz only pikin',
The nixt time that I hit
It wint a thousand miles—
That's honest, iv'ry bit.

Some other ould timers,
Each one a mighty man,
Who used to fire the fans,
An' round the bases ran.

Art Irwin, Paul Radford,
C. Smith, Hague, McGeary,
Ah, talkin' of ould friends
Niver am I weary.

Cliff Carroll, Gilligan,
An' Nava—all good boys—
Ah, thim bright golden days
I count among me joys.

THE BOYS OF SEVENTY-SIX WITH CHICAGO.

I feel patriotic,
As I tell it to you,
About the soldier boys,
Yis, yis, indade I do.

A hundred years after
Lexington battle day
Massachusetts witnessed
Another bloody fray.

We marched from Chicago,
Each shoulderin' a bat,
All clad in soldier clothes,
Wid a sombrero hat.

Tin min in the army,
Success the countersign,
'Twuz the inspiration
Of the Chicago nine.

For five long years the East
Had hild the pinnant there,
An' now its for the West,
It is, by all that's fair.

Marchin' very proudly,
By all the pretty girls,
We were cheered on our way
And many a boquet

Was thrown at us often
Wid many a kindly word,
It started us singin'
Just like a little bird.

Whin we reached the Commons
The crowd there was immense,
All Boston was aroused,
The feelin' there was tense.

The drums began to beat,
The guns began to roar,
Sivinteen-Siv'nty-Six
Wuz nothin' any more.

It wuz now forgotten,
Otis, Adams, John Hancock, Jay,
Were only just relics
Of an old by-gone, simple day.

We were hist'ry makers,
The giant min of fame;
We were there, there to win
The great decidin' game.

Like maddened Roman chiefs
We fought out to the grounds.
The wild Boston party,
Their fury knew no bounds.

We charged thim right and left,
We chased thim one and all,
We battered down the fince
To play a game of ball.

Well, there's no use tellin',
'Tis known by iv'ry child,
We tilegraphed it home—
They say the town wint wild.

Chicago, Chicago,
You won the game that day—
Spaulding, Jim White, Ross Barnes,
Hines, Anson and McVey.

Chicago, Chicago,
Ye mighty, mighty men,
Bielaski and Andy,
John Peters and John Glenn.

WITH BOSTON IN SEVENTY-SEVEN.

"Casey, if you'll stay here
In seventy-seven,
We'll offer you anything
You want outside of Heaven."

They told me that the day—
That day in sev'nty-six—
We bore out the pinnant,
An' trumped all Boston's tricks.

The salary was big
I cannot name the price,
But it was so juicy,
I could live swell an' nice.

I took a floor at Young's,
I had me meals served there,
'Twas hundred dollar tips
Wid iv'ry bill of fare.

Thousands wint for jewels,
Hundreds wint for flowers,
Oh, byes, thim days at Young's
Were me happiest hours.

Thin wid me coach and four
I'd drive out to the game,
Cheers all along the way—
Iv'ry day it wuz the same.

"King Casey, we greet you,"
The boys and girls would say.
Great seventy-seven,
Ah, that was Casey's day.

We had the champion
On land, in sky, on pond,
The champion pitcher,
Me old pal Tommy Bond.

Catcher, yes, we had him,
He'd hold the hottest down,
Here's to old friend Louy.
Me good ould friend Lou Brown.

John Morrill, great player,
I give me hand to you,
Your heart was always right,
Your playin' just as true.

Oh, great Boston players,
Leonard. Sutton, Jim White,
O'Rourke, Harry Shafer,
An' great and good George Wright.

In memory you're playin' now,
As round the field we ran,
Once again face to face,
Old star, T. H. Murnane.

Well, we brought the flag back,
The pennant flew once more,
Massachusetts forever,
Upon your iv'ry shore.

THE BASEBALL HALL OF FAME.

Presidents, Generals,
Big men, yes, one and all,
Your places may be great,
But greater still Base Ball.

It is the one and only,
It is the Nation's game,
And what is more fitting
Than Base Ball's Hall of fame.

As I alone to-night
In mem'ry see the faces,
I can think of many
Who filled honored places.

My selections I make,
And upon records fair,
Players stand on records,
The best will ere stand there.

So from the old timers,
The oldest in baseball,
I select the leaders
And place them in fame's Hall.

Al Spaulding, Cap. Anson,
Geo. Wright, Ross Barnes, McBride,
I point to iv'ry one,
Yes, iv'ry one with pride.

I can see it shining,
The brightest kind of light,
On Meyerle, McMullen,
Two brothers name of White.

It shines there in the night,
Yes, just as bright as day,
For Leonard, West Fisler,
John Peters and McVey.

For Jim O'Rourke, Morrill,
Dalrymple and Joe Start,
Bill Fisher, Jake Evans,
Names fire the baseball heart.

For Cassidy, Burdock,
Harry Schaefer, Paul Hines,
Tom York, Tom Bond, Dave Force,
All under starry signs.

Radcliffe, Manning, Holdsworth,
Geo. Shaffer and George Strief,
Remsen, Eggler, Gedney,
Each one a baseball chief.

Bob Ferguson, Mack, Mills,
Nate Hicks, Batten, Malone,
Snyder, Pratt, Sullivan,
Breathe them with softest tone.

A. J. Reach, Harry Wright,
Quest, Gould and Johnny Glenn,
Sutton, Wood, Jones and King,
All mighty baseball men.

The light 'tis e'er dazzling,
And casts a glory tint
Upon such names as Cuthbert,
And on Catcher Frankie Flint.

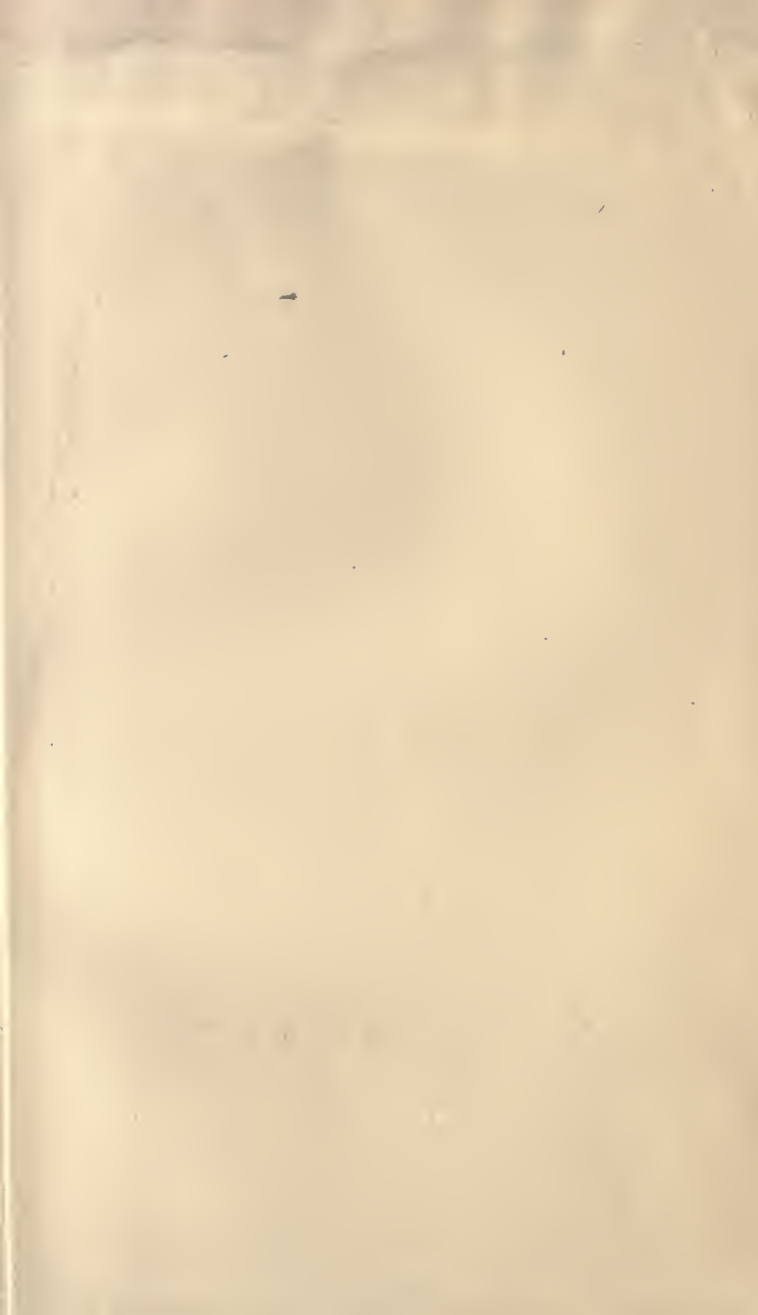
God bless mighty heroes,
All names 'tis I revere,
If I've made omission,
Your names I still hold dear.

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